

MAY 1957

Maryknoll



DEAR TO THE HEART OF THE LATINs —
MARIA MAKES THE CANDLES... See p. 44



SMILE PRETTY — Juan and Mario display happy Peruvian countenances for the photographer, but Rex, their dog, is bored with the whole affair. Lads like these are the Church's hope in Latin America.

IRAMBA HONEY MOON

The Padri was in the middle
of a couple's first quarrel.

BY J. FRANCIS FLYNN, M.M.

■ BASILIA's wedding in Iramba was a high-class affair. She's an African of fifteen, about five feet four inches high, and has a mind of her own. She was decked out in a white wedding gown, her first pair of shoes, veil — everything.

Paulo — six feet tall and at least ten years older than Basilia — wasn't prepared for what happened after the wedding. According to custom, Paulo had chartered a bus to take the couple's guests from the church to his home, about fifteen miles away, for the wedding feast. Came time for them to leave and the bus hadn't arrived.

In a wave of compassion, I told the couple that I would drive them

in my truck. I like to show up at wedding feasts because it gives a lot of face to the couple and thus helps to build up respect for marriage. I also meet some of the lax Catholics and lazy catechumens.

Basilia and Paulo were pleased with my offer to help. I told them to pick out the fifteen most important guests — that was as many as the back of the truck would hold — and have them get in while I went to pack. When I came out, the back of the truck was full but as I turned to tell Basilia and her husband to get in the cab, Basilia was sobbing.

Basilia was upset because we could not take everyone. I attempted to reason with her — not getting too much help from the husband. He did not want to walk the fifteen miles home but was more afraid of getting on the bad side of his wife on their first day together. Meanwhile both those in the truck and those destined to walk to the wedding feast just looked on, saying nothing. That was a most unusual procedure for Africans. They offer advice on all problems without being asked. Those in the truck were afraid they would jeopardize their favorable position, and the rest were unwilling to voice their claims to a ride. All hoped that the Padri would find a solution.

I decided to cut the Gordian knot by escorting her into the truck; it wouldn't be she but the Padri who was leaving the other guests behind. Then she really bawled.

She wasn't riding unless everyone did. It was just impossible to seat more than fifteen in a six-foot truck bed, along with stools, bundles

and a big drum. There was nothing to do but ask those aboard to get off. I did that. Then I started on my original itinerary, leaving Basilia to walk the fifteen miles in her long white dress and first shoes.

On my way back I reached Paulo's village early in the evening. I got there ahead of a heavy rain. Paulo, the groom, had just arrived with the other men. They had decided to wait for the bus. It did come — three hours late; the driver had some silly excuse.

I stayed at the feast for a while talking with Paulo and his friends and enjoying some of the local brew. Paulo was the butt of many jokes for letting his wife rule the roost right from the start.

I heard a few days later that Basilia and her friends had stopped at some hut after the rain began, and had arrived at the party the next day.

That's how one marriage got started out our way. ■ ■

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
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Bamboo Wireless

Among the latest arrivals in Hong Kong are Father MORGAN J. VITTENGL (Lake Placid, N.Y.) and Brother GONZAGA O'CONNOR (Woburn, Mass.). The former becomes editor of the Mission Bulletin and Hong Kong correspondent for NCWC News Service. The latter will assist Father ARTHUR F. DEMPSEY (Peekskill, N.Y.) in refugee work, particularly at Maryknoll's weaving school . . . Father THOMAS QUIRK (Portsmouth, N.H.), formerly stationed in Africa, is now bound for Formosa.

* * *

From Formosa, Monsignor WILLIAM F. KUPFER, of Flushing, N.Y., sends a few examples for American youngsters who don't like to study. One is SUN KENG who tied his pigtail to the ceiling so he couldn't sleep while studying. Another is CHIA-UN who kept a bag of lightning bugs handy in case darkness fell before he finished.

* * *

Newest output of the Maryknoll publication department has been three years in preparation. It is the all new Maryknoll Missal, published by P.J. Kenedy & Sons, under the editorship of Father THOMAS J. BAUER (Brooklyn, N.Y.). This missal is based on the doctrine of the Mystical Body, and features a sparkling new translation that is readable and understandable. One of the features is a family ritual that contains all needed prayers and sacraments.

* * *

A jailer in a Japanese prison visited a Maryknoll mission to inquire about the Faith. He has charge of the condemned cells. He said he noticed that condemned men who were converted to the Catholic Church went to their deaths calmly and without cursing or damning anyone.

* * *

Readers of this magazine will be saddened to learn of the sudden and unexpected death of Father RICHARD McMONIGAL, of St. Paul, Minn., whose articles from the Bolivian jungle livened these pages. Father went to Lima for a routine medical check-up. Doctors found a tumor on one lung, rushed him to the U.S. for emergency surgery. The operation was successful but pneumonia set in and caused his death on March 8. His people and all of us here at Maryknoll will miss him greatly. Pray for him.

WE BAPTIZE THE BELL

Big ideas get through the needle's eye of Indians' everyday life.

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY WILLIAM J. COY, M.M.

■ PEOPLE in Condebamba are wide awake these days. This town in the foothills of the Bolivian Andes has had an alarm clock in the person of Maryknoll's Father John J. Higgins who has a way of making things happen. Condebamba is a sort of branch office of the Maryknoll parish in the city of Cochabamba. The Indians still haven't got used to the way Padre Higgins persuaded them to help him complete a pleasant-looking, modern church.

Recently Bishop Senner, the ordinary of Cochabamba, visited Condebamba. All the Indians from far and near came to watch and listen as the bishop baptized (right) the bell for the church tower.

The bell that the bishop baptized on his visit to Condebamba was a gift of the Tennessee Railroad, given in honor of Father Higgins' grandfather who had been a railroad man on the Tennessee Central. For years the bell had swung from the top of a Tennessee Railroad steam locomotive. When steam locomotives were replaced by Diesels the life of the bell seemed to be at an end. Yet here in the valley of Condebamba the bell's now solemn work is just beginning.

On the same day, Bishop Senner blessed the new parish dispensary. It was built and furnished with funds that were gifts from friends in the States. The Maryknoll Sisters have taken charge of the dispensary and are caring for the sick of the area. This is one of the biggest sources of conversation in neighborhood powwows.

In his sermon after the blessings, Bishop Senner underlined how happy he is to have Maryknollers attending to the work of charity right from the beginning. This dispensary with its lines of patients serves to refute those who say that the Church cares nothing about the temporal welfare of her members. Charity speaks a language that Indians can understand.

What practical obstacles he had to overcome, I don't know. But I do know that Father Higgins has had a well dug near the church. The whole community now depends on this as a source of clean drinking water. This is a great step toward public health in Condebamba. The Indians didn't have ways and means of being careful about the condition or origin of their drinking water before the Padre came to their rescue.

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A CO-OP IS BORN

Farmers in Condebamba gather at the Padre's house after a hard day in the fields to listen to words on cooperatives, a down-to-earth way to a better life for sons of the soil.

At present Father Higgins can have only one Mass here in Condebamba on Sundays and holydays. This is but one of many places in the large parish where Mass is celebrated. However, this Mass is well attended, a sign of the spiritual vigor of the congregation. Father hopes that some young man reading this will decide to do something to help. The Padre is up against it. He wishes and prays that there will be enough Padres so that Condebamba will have one for its own.

Father Higgins is moderator of a cooperative of twenty-five families who do all their farming as a unit. Members plow together, plant together, work together in every way possible.

It must have taken a lot of persuasion on Father Higgins' side to get these farmers to try something new. Ingrained in their lives was poverty and the conviction that no one really cared what happened to them.

Now these farmers have found a partial remedy for their poverty in cooperative effort. Father Higgins encourages their work-together spirit in every way he can. All hope that soon the farmers in this region can form a credit-and-buying cooperative also.

Witnessing the progress that has been made in the community of Condebamba, makes me go back to my work with added gusto. It shows what results can be had with these people if only there are priests to work with them. It makes me pray harder that God will send more workers into these fields that are ready for the harvest. ■ ■

MARYKNOLL

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Meet the Yau Family

■ HOW DOES one carry on when one is blind, unable to work, living in a hut and has eight mouths to feed?

The man in this picture is forty years old though he certainly looks older. Surrounding him are what we call dependents: wife, mother, mother-in-law, four children. This father is stone blind, though his eyes at first glance look perfectly normal.

Ten years ago the Yau family came from Swatow. At that time they had

one child. The father and mother were coolies. Both are illiterate. The mother still carries earth when she can get work. A wooden hut on the side of the hill in Aberdeen is home. They pay \$12 a month for rent. Three of the children are in school.

Each Sunday morning Mr. Yau may be seen at St. Peter's in Aberdeen, receiving Communion. He makes his way to the altar rail by placing his hands on the shoulders of his oldest boy. ■ ■



Black Bean Country

**Skyrockets, music at three A.M.
meant "devotion" to the saints.**

■ WITH TWO helpers, I set out to visit stations of our Jacaltenango mission in Guatemala. Lunch en route consisted of mashed black beans, tortillas and straight Guatemalan coffee — in no way as tasty as a blend. I should mention that a combination of mashed beans and

BY JOSEPH C. NERINO, M.M.

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soft boiled eggs can be a fairly tasty dish if you feel hungry enough.

We had been on the road for some time. Juan Couz and Gregorio Hurtado were along to help me with the baptisms and to serve Mass.

After the meal, we left Nenton and traveled through an uninhabited area for some three

and a half hours. There is no water between Nenton and Siete Pinos. It was one of those very hot days so the oranges we carried were an answer to any man's prayers.

It was about half past five when we arrived in Siete Pinos. The people gave us the best house in the village. Later that evening I was happy indeed, because a steady wind came up.

The meal in Siete Pinos was a bit tastier because we had soup and roasted chicken. Here the fowl never weigh more than two or three pounds each and their diet is very limited.

After saying Mass on the following morning, and making my thanksgiving, I copied down data for nine baptisms. One of the inhabitants, Juan Moreno, who was to be godfather for a child, told me that my Mass was the first in the chapel of Siete Pinos. Some five years previously, Father Paul Sommer had blessed it but didn't have a chance to offer Mass.

At the house where we stayed I noticed the pictures that the owner had on the wall. One picture was

Our Lady of Maryknoll, through no fault of ours. I'm positive that the owner didn't get it in Jacaltenango. There were also a few pictures that had been on the Christmas cards of

Maryknoll in 1949. I'm certain of one thing: the owner didn't know what these pictures meant until I explained them.

DO YOUR PLANS

**include Maryknoll in your will?
in your insurance? For wills, our
legal title: Catholic Foreign
Mission Society of America, Inc.**

Later that morning we mounted our horses for our final destination — Gracias a Dios, a plantation owned by Vicente Guillen. All the inhabitants are Mexicans.

After some forty baptisms on the following day, Feb. 9, we decided to retire early. At half past three the next morning, fiesta day, the local folks crowded in front of the chapel. Someone played the marimba in the chapel; another rang the bells; others played a flute and drum. Men began shooting off skyrocketes.

I asked one man why the racket at such an ungodly hour. He answered, "Devotion." They were hard to convince but I finally managed to disband the group until a more respectable hour. They certainly pick peculiar hours to salute the saints.

After Mass the following morning we ended our week of Guatemalan diet. Rest assured you won't get fat eating as these people.

When we were on the plain of San Marcos, Jacaltenango looked pretty from the distance. It should since it is home.



EYES

BY FRANCIS REBOL, M.M.

ON

TUNGHSIAO

Bloody noses help to establish the Church on Formosa.

■ WHEN I walked into Tunghsiao (population about seven thousand), there was no reception committee. The people of the town were hardly aware that anything new was happening in their midst that morning.

Tunghsiao is situated on the western shore of Taiwan, bordering the Formosa Strait. It is a quiet spot boasting of its delicious watermelons in the early summer. There is one main street, an asphalt road of about a quarter of a mile long. The road ends abruptly and so does the town. There are a few offshoots to the road, and on one of these "boulevards" is the Catholic mission.

After climbing a small mountain at one side of the town, I stood on top to enjoy the beautiful panorama below: the ocean, the town, the farms, rice fields and more rice fields. Up there I could see the junior high school which opened last summer; the beautiful temple of Ma Tsu, "mother of heaven" and protectress of fishermen, with its

beautiful carved roofs and exquisite ornaments. On the same street I saw a cross, which reminds all those who pass by and see it that the Catholic mission has come to stay.

Twenty other small towns belong to this parish. A few of them are scattered along the railroad and are therefore easily accessible. Others are on the mountains and harder to reach. I have visited them all to see the extent of the parish and the kind of people who belong to it.

Their ancestors have come from mainland China. Most of them were from Amoy or its vicinity. When they came to Formosa, they settled near the sea, for they were mostly fishermen. In their wake, came the people from the interior of South China called Hakkas. Being farmers, these settled where they could cultivate land. The only regions that were not yet populated were the mountains, so the Hakkas are found

chiefly in the interior of Formosa.

In this parish all the Hakkas are bilingual, which makes it easier for me to speak to them. I don't speak Hakka and have no intention of learning it. Two Chinese languages—Mandarin and Taiwanese—are enough for me without adding the third one.

When I had been here for a month, I decided to have an official opening of the Catholic mission. That meant a banquet and fire-crackers. With the help of Dr. T'ang, a very influential man in town, who is now a Catholic, we prepared the menu and invited all the important people. Most of them came to the banquet and later donated the benches for the chapel.

The Catholic Church became known and the officials are friendly to us now. Even the Buddhist nuns are friendly. I was very surprised when they brought flowers for our altar at Easter.

I bought a slide projector and slides which we show to the people every Sunday night if it doesn't rain. Average attendance is about two hundred. Most of our town catechumens come from this group of people. Now I must keep buying more slides to have enough for future Sundays. The slides are mostly illustrations of the life of Christ and doctrine. I say a few words in Taiwanese and then the catechist explains the pictures.

Children play games in the small yard at the back of our house. They like boxing the most, so I bought them two sets of boxing gloves—one for the tots and one for the bigger students. They really get

to slugging each other. I have to be around to console them and to wipe their bloody noses.

Catholic Welfare sends us milk powder and cooking oil for the poor. We usually give these supplies to parents who have small children and can't afford to buy such things in the stores. The sick and the very old are also on our list.

In this giving I have a chance to mix with the people, talk with them, visit them and by and by they get acquainted with the Church.

There is a local junior high school in Tunghsiao. The school principal asked me to teach English two hours a week. So I am there for two hours every Friday teaching teen-agers. It is more or less a recreation for me and I get to know my future parishioners.

I opened a new mission station at Nan Ho; eight people were baptized before long. More are studying and soon the little chapel will be too small.

There is still another place where I would like to open a new mission station. It has no Catholics now, but forty-two catechumens are under instruction. The class began with fifty-two; all but ten are still persevering after four months of studying. I hope to baptize them for Christmas if we can get the station ready by then.

Here at Tunghsiao, our little chapel is always crowded. It seats about fifty people. Right now we have over fifty Catholics and about an equal number of catechumens. Already it's necessary to have two Masses on Sundays, to take care of my growing congregation. ■■



ASK THE MAN WHO HAS ONE

BY DENIS KILLIAN, M.M.

■ LOOK back to your early years. What halfway-zealous Catholic youngster of the age ten to fourteen has not been confronted at some time or other in catechism class by the question: "Who wants to become a priest? Raise your hand!"

And what young gentleman has not responded by at least considering the possibility that it might be a good thing, even if present lack of conviction kept his hand beneath the desk?

What Brother or Sister, burning with love for God and souls, has not posed the query to his or her grade-school charges, at least half a dozen times and received answers, ranging from the cynic's "Are you kidding?" to the "I do 'ster!" of the starry-eyed believer. The seed thus planted by the Sower may or may not have fructified, but you can't blame Him for having tried.

If my motives, all of them, were analyzed or Senate-investigated, I should be embarrassed to tears, and perhaps cited for contempt. I entertain no illusions of having been ideally motivated. However, basically the motive must be good and true, or the going will be tough — even impossible.

Visions of life as a Maryknoll Brother included a wide variety of activities; which variety, for me at least, never included office work — typing and such. It centered mostly around a hammer, perhaps a car key, a monkey wrench, the inevitable paint brush (who has never posed as a decorator?), a catechism; a group of moppets in mission lands drinking in my words of wisdom about the Infant Jesus and His Blessed Mother.

It is not surprising then that such propensities served to lead me to

MARYKNOLL

God's dragnet closes in; a man's real destiny shines through.

Maryknoll whose Brothers carry on activities that run the gamut of the arts, crafts and trades — including office work, to which task I am assigned. What one forgets, however, in considering the fields of activity, is that it is ridiculous to expect to have a choice in one's assignment, or control it in any way.

ESPECIALLY HAPPY

will you be on Judgment Day to review the effects of your gift to the missions. Only on that Day will you learn how much good you have done.

be satisfied that at least I had tried to live so as to leave the world a little better for having me running around in it. A man, for whom I have always had great affection and admiration, has said many times that "you can take with you only what you have given away." Though not a Catholic,

The Lord uses many superficialities as drawing cards. Once He closes the dragnet of His love, He can purge and purify and rearrange the motives into their proper order, so that above all will shine the volunteer's love of God.

The purgation may require many years or a lifetime. But after you brush away the dust, the basic conviction is there, growing all the time, in every vocation. In my own case, the purging has begun, I am sure, but the haze is dense indeed and I do not see the end in sight. I can pin-point a couple of ideas that served to move me to action.

When I faced Commencement Day with the prospect of launching forth into the cruel world, I was young and reasonably hopeful that a ripe old age would still find me holding forth against the vicissitudes of life. It occurred to me that the twilight of my life would be made more pleasurable by a glance in retrospect over a life well spent. I thought I should like to

and not even a Christian, he has guided his life accordingly. He certainly will leave the world a little better than he found it.

Was it the prospect of middle and old age, personified in my relatives and neighbors, that had an effect? Was it the prospect of years of Monday mornings and Friday paychecks in a job that would be of little constructive value towards curing the ills of the world? Was it not "What shall I do during life?" or rather "What shall I accomplish during life?" I think these questions had a great effect.

Many things contributed, under the guidance of Providence, toward the final result. However beclouded the true motive may be, the basic questions were, "How shall I save my soul? How shall I serve God? How shall I make a return for my father's worries and my mother's tears?"

God gave me the answer. I became a Maryknoll Brother. ■ ■



HOUSE-TO-HOUSE APOSTLES

■ HOW does the Church grow in Japan? The missionaries can't do it all. There aren't enough of them. Much of the growth comes from young

people like the two young ladies shown on this page. They check the area assigned to them (left) and begin a house-to-house campaign (above) to get all the people in the neighborhood to attend a parish movie. They leave with each household a leaflet that introduces people to the Faith and welcomes further interest. Lay Catholics in Japan are zealous salesmen and women for Christ once they are given the



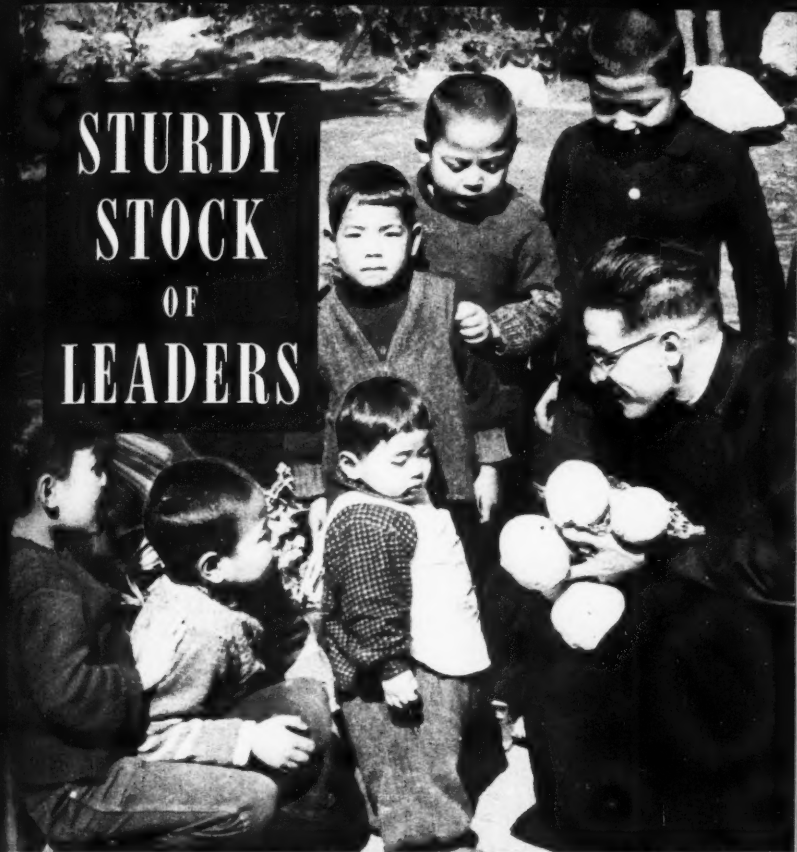
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STURDY STOCK OF LEADERS



KARLOVECIUS

know-how of persuading neighbors to learn about Christ. Catechists (left) instill apostolic spirit in everyone they instruct.

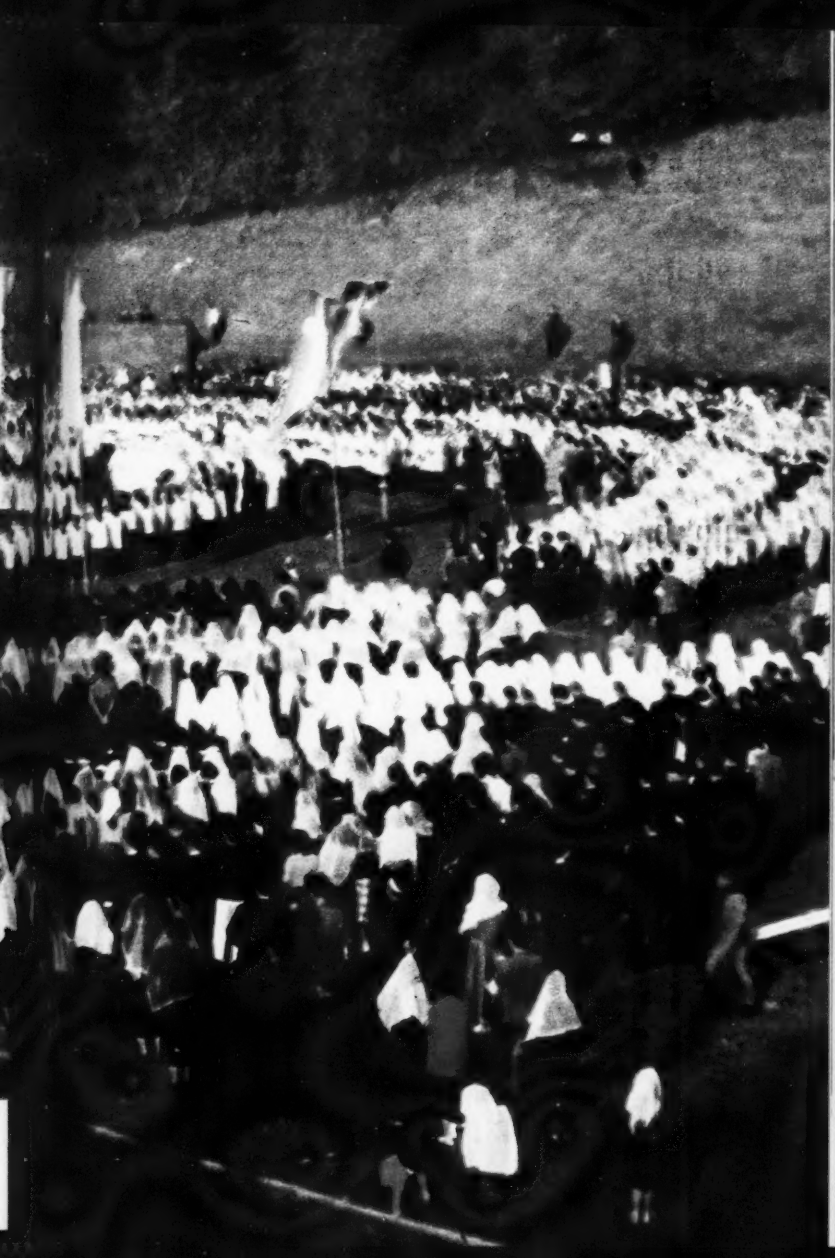
Missioners in Japan draw children like the snack bar in your home after the children get back from school. Father Paul Touchette, from Medford, Mass., is never too busy to stop awhile (above) and show youngsters that a priest means

friendliness. Moppets like these turn themselves into apostles, telling the older folks at home what the priest said in catechism class. Often this leads parents to inquire about the Faith that has a strong influence on their youngsters. Many a missionary in Japan feels that he has really penetrated an area when he has a whole raft of these young salesmen.



LITTLE FLOCK — BIG CROWDS. Catholics though a minority in Japan gather huge crowds as at this Mass in Tokyo; thus create an impact far out of proportion to their numbers.

HUMPHREY





HANSAN

The Bishop and the Boy Scouts

Looming large in the picture of leadership in Japan is the quiet but effective person of Bishop Paul Furuya. He directs mission activity in the diocese of Kyoto. Bishop Furuya seems to find time for every-

thing, even for going on an outing (above) with the parish troop of Boy Scouts. Thanks to things just like that Kyoto Diocese now has six Japanese priests, and eighteen of its young men are studying for the priesthood.

Bishop Furuya is a gifted lecturer. Recently he spoke on "The Happiness of Man" to a large audience — mostly non-Catholics. He







EGGLESTON

Father William Eggleston, Maryknoller from Danvers, Mass., enjoys sharing a tall story with these girls in Sakamoto mission in Japan. There is nothing foreign about a priest who can produce such stitches of laughter.

spoke for an hour and forty minutes. How he held attention for that long is amazing. He had the people rolling in the aisles for the first half hour with his stories. The bishop is a wonderful actor: He uses the gestures, actions, grimaces, dialect and changes of voice that put a story over. There followed an introduction to the Faith; each point was illustrated by a story. The bishop's lecture was an informal and pleasant invitation for his hearers to learn the Faith.

Small wonder, with a man like this at the helm and a growing supply of lay leaders, that Kyoto has more than two thousand people studying the doctrine. ■ ■



SHAMBARIS

Father Francis Diffley runs across a young "visitor from outer space."

IN A TOWN CALLED OWASHI

**A missionary need not be double-jointed,
but it's a big assist for life in Japan.**

BY FRANCIS A. DIFFLEY, M.M.

■ **WEIGHED** down with the so-called "portable" Mass kit I boarded the train for Owashi.

Sometime I should like to meet the person who designed this Mass kit. In the first place, it is portable only if you have previously worked out with a set of bar bells for a month. The handle is conveniently placed in such a position that no matter how you walk, the kit is guaranteed to whale the daylights out of your right leg (or left leg if you're left handed). For a week after one of these jaunts my right arm is at least two inches longer than my left!

My fellow passengers on this four-hour ride were farmers hauling rice. Their baggage was considerable, too. I gave ear to their conversation — and for a moment thought I was in Abyssinia listening to *giz*. How there can be so many variations in language for a country as small as Japan, is a constant source of wonder.

Why there were so many people going to Owashi in the afternoon, I could not understand — especially after I got there. Owashi is really the end of the line.

I was met by one of our Catholics, Doctor Hirano. After the usual five minutes of bowing and grunting at

each other, it suddenly dawned on me that he thought I was Father Walsh. So I let it go at that. Dr. Hirano is obviously a man of some importance in Owashi from the many greetings that came his way. He knew one word in English — "chief." He introduced officials to me as the chief of the police department, chief of the fire department, the chief of the health department.

After confessions, a few words and Mass, I sat around over tea and cakes in the doctor's living room. Soon it was time for me to bob my noggin on the floor a few times and tell them what a terrible thing I was going to do — get up and leave. I got up all right, but instead of leaving, I fell flat on my face. It wasn't the tea. I had been squatting on my heels for a full hour and my legs were numb.

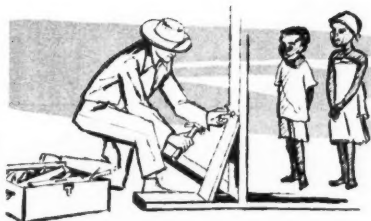
The doctor helped me find lodging in a nice hotel. The lobby was done in Victorian style. On the wall was a large photograph of a group of Americans sitting in an open touring car, with a 1923 license plate. Fortunately, the rest of the hotel was in traditional Japanese style.

It had been eleven A.M. since I had eaten and my stomach was growling its protests. After considerable fussing, the dinner was served. Of course there was rice, many dif-

ferent kinds of fish (from warm to out-and-out raw), soups with little green things floating around in them, and something that looked and tasted like shoelaces boiled in shampoo. But I was hungry and this exotic array of food filled the void. And then to bed. Well of course, bed in a Japanese hotel means sleeping on the floor. True there is a thing called a *futon*, which is supposed to make the floor soft — but doesn't. The *makura*, or pillow, is round and stuffed with rice hulls. It gives the effect of sleeping on a bag of corn flakes.

Next morning I was aroused by the crowing of a cock, long before dawn. After copious compliments to mine host for a wonderful breakfast (it was the same as the supper except that all the fish was cold), I threw the "safe" on my back and began the long journey home. Four and a half hours later I had a good cup of coffee.

The *kukai* is progressing. The *kukai* is an organization of Christians and catechumens who meet once a month in the home of one of the Christians. At these meetings, prayer, study and work are the agenda. The study is of the catechism; the work is visiting sick or poor people in the neighborhood. We have such groups in each of the wards of the city. New people are thus introduced to the Church in the pleasant, easy informality of private homes. In this way Christians are introduced to that great and fundamental truth; namely, that the spread of Christ's kingdom is the duty of all Christians — lay as well as clerical. ■ ■



Supplies Requested For the Houses Of Missioners

Chile

Pressure cooker \$10

Peru

Prie-dieu \$18

Typewriter \$110

Maswa, Africa

Kitchen stove \$50

Closets \$100

Mosquito screening \$5

Guatemala

Sink \$40

Paint \$6

Central America

Rent \$100

Windmill \$150

**The Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll, New York**

THESE MISSIONERS



BURNS

KIDS AND THE CLACK-CLACK — Fingers flying over the keyboard while printed words appear like magic fascinate these Chilean youngsters. Father Stephen Foody provides a show each week as he types the notices for his parishioners in Ercilla. "Let me try it, Padre?" asks Juan.

R HAVE A WAY WITH THEM



BURNS

KIDS AND THE STRING GAME—Two fingers, a bit of string plus imagination and Father Francis Diffley captivates little maids in Tokyo. Tricks like this one help missionaries, the world over, attract first the interest, then the hearts of small children to the Kingdom of Christ.

The Story of the Empty Church

A TALE IN TEN CHAPTERS

BY MICHAEL P. HIEGEL, M.M.



Chapter I. Some three years ago, a Maryknoll Father turned slowly around after the *Gloria* of the Sunday Mass. Fifty persons scattered through the church built for a thousand! As his hands opened out to the faithful few, he said to them, "*Dominus vobiscum*" (The Lord be with you). His heart ached to bring the Lord also to the 950 who were not there, and to bring to all a knowledge and a love of the Mass.

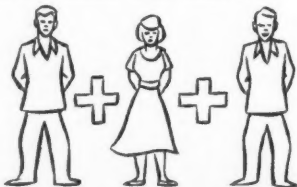


Chapter II. An all-out campaign to bring people to Mass was begun. Winning the friendship and respect of the people was followed by the oft-repeated invitation to each person he met, "Will you come to Mass this Sunday?" A few more trickled in, week after week.

Chapter III. But one voice was not enough. Father started the Legion of Mary, and members began asking their friends and neighbors, "Will you come to Mass this Sunday?" No doubt, this caused a stir of surprise for some of the Legion members had themselves only recently begun the habit of attending Sunday Mass.



Chapter IV. The number grew. A new Maryknoll Father came but the campaign continued. Sunday by Sunday, the attendance grew. One hundred — two hundred — three hundred — four hundred — five hundred. The attendance had multiplied by nine hundred per cent. This encouraged the campaigners. All redoubled their efforts.



Chapter V. But how about the knowledge, the desire, the love for the Mass? Had they grown proportionately? As Father turned around at the "*Dominus vobiscum*," the indifference, the lack of response gave indication that many there did not know what the Mass was about. Frequent sermons on the Mass were not enough. A full-scale campaign to make the people know what the Mass is, and why they attend it, was needed.



Chapter VI. The next Sunday, Father borrowed one of the newly ordained missionaries from Maryknoll's nearby language school. As the tyro demonstrated, Father explained the prayers, the actions, the Ordinary, the Proper.

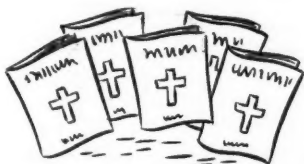


Chapter VII. After a month with running commentary, three sermons on the principal parts of the Mass were prepared: on the tremendous mystery of the Consecration when the Sacrifice of Calvary is represented on the altar; the Offertory; and the Communion, in which the people share in the Sacrifice.

Chapter VIII. Knowing that eyes are as useful as ears in learning, Father placed the wine and water in the middle of the church. As the servers carried the wine and water to the priest at the altar, the people began to realize more and more that this was their Mass also.



Chapter IX. Booklets with the Mass prayers were handed out. As the voice of a Legion of Mary member rang out in the native dialect the prayers of the priest, the people quickly caught on and answered the proper responses, in unison with the children (who had been coached).



Chapter X. The goal of filling the church has still not been reached. But attendance is still rising. Those who come need a deeper appreciation of this great mystery. But there is consolation now, as the priest turns around after the *Gloria*. He greets his people, "*Dominus vobiscum*." The lay reader makes clear the priest's desire, "The Lord be with you," and over six hundred voices reply in unison, "And with you also." ■ ■

MIGUEL MAKES THE SIGN

**On-the-job training for these
Maryknoll seminarians tailors
them for their future work.**

BY THOMAS MANTICA, M.M.

■ WE STARTED to climb into the Tularosa mountain range. When we reached 6,700 feet we were at Aragon, New Mexico, the destination of four Maryknoll seminarians in a '47 Chevy that had taken us 2,300 miles from Maryknoll, N. Y.

We drove up to a large white church in the center of town. From there we could see an adobe rectory, a convent, a school, a general store and three or four houses.

Just as we had finished cooking our supper, Father Wilson came back from one of his many trips. We were glad to see him because we were afraid the local law-enforcement officer would run us in for house-breaking. But we found out later there was no need to worry because the local law-enforcement officer was Father Wilson. He is deputy sheriff of Catron County.

Father Sam, as his parishioners call him, is a powerhouse of energy, continually on the move, traveling

about 1,000 miles a week to serve the 5,000 people in his parish sprawled over 5,000 square miles. Father Sam owns his own cow and often does his own cooking.

The next morning we rose at five, said our morning prayers and went to Mass. After breakfast Father Sam explained our duties for the coming month. We were to spend our mornings instructing children in religion. One of us would go to Cruzville, a small town about nine miles away; two would go to Reserve, the county seat twenty miles away.

Children in these classes ranged in age from five to twelve. Most of them know English. The youngsters in our classes were a teacher's dream — polite and eager to learn.

Little Miguel, aged five, sat in the front of the class and just looked wide-eyed at me; he didn't understand English. His brother, Gilbert, seven, put what I taught into Spanish for him. By the end of the course, we got Manuel to the stage where he could make the Sign of the Cross.

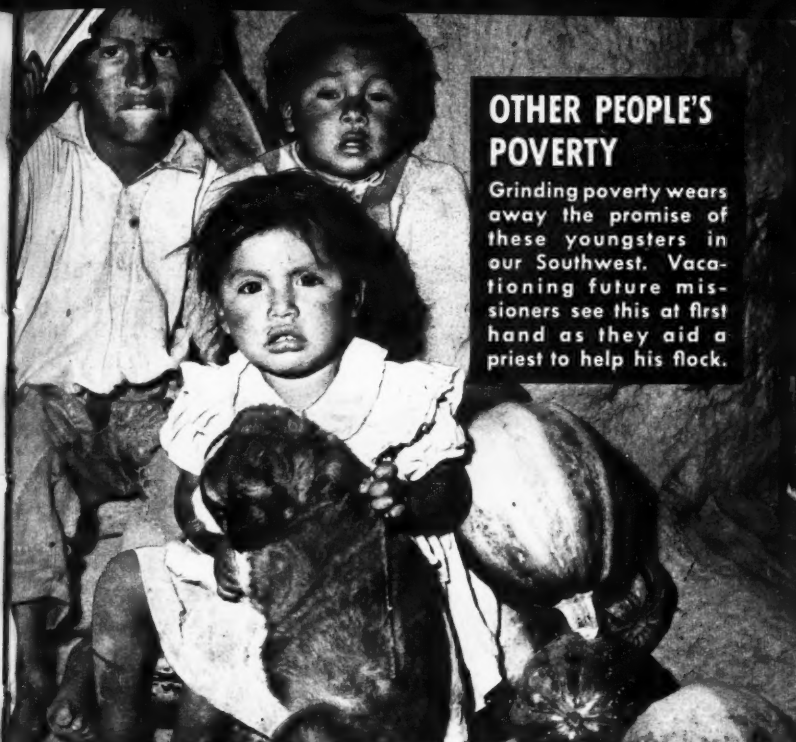
When we got back from the religion classes, the one elected chef had lunch prepared and we sat down to eat. We spent our afternoons in manual labor for the parish.

The mud walls of the convent had to be rebuilt. The outside of the rectory needed painting. A platform had to be built under the altar; the sacristy had to be moved. Hardwood floors had to be put in the school; these had to be sanded and varnished to save the feet of barefooted pupils. The old school had to be converted into a town

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OTHER PEOPLE'S POVERTY

Grinding poverty wears away the promise of these youngsters in our Southwest. Vacationing future missionaries see this at first hand as they aid a priest to help his flock.

library. A flagpole had to be put up in the center of the parish.

We didn't work alone on these projects; the people of the town gave all their extra time and energy to help us. Often they couldn't understand our words but we could understand the love in their hearts. Men built the altar platforms, put in the hardwood floors, raised the flagpole, mixed cement, and took care of the heavy work for the fiesta. Women papered walls and decorated rooms. They cleaned the church; cooked and baked to make the fiesta a success.

The whole life of these people is centered around their parish. They are on hand for Mass in the morning and devotions in the evening. During the day they are ready to lend a hand in parish work. They donate their time, their land, their tools, their machines. When they kill a steer or a sheep, when they cook or bake something special, part of it is always brought to the rectory for Father Sam. Their life is simple because they live it, not for themselves, but for God.

Most of the people here are poor. They live in simple adobe houses

and have only the essentials. Some of them farm but a sparsity of rain keeps this to a minimum. Most of them raise cattle. They rent a portion of Government forest land yearly to graze their cattle, but range-fed cattle don't bring a very high price.

Our four weeks went by all too quickly. They seemed to melt into the final three days which saw the annual fiesta in honor of *Santo Nino* (the Holy Child). The fiesta began on Friday evening with Solemn High Mass. Father Sam asked a priest to come down from Albuquerque to be deacon and to preach the Spanish sermon. One of us was subdeacon. After Mass we held a fireworks display, and everyone in the area knew the fiesta had begun.

On the following day, the bazaar was a great success. We helped by running booths. The people threw baseballs to knock down dolls and tossed darts to break balloons. They

tried their luck at the "fishing pond" and spun the "wheel of fortune." All were happy as they walked back to their homes, carrying prizes of hams, bacon and costume jewelry.

Sunday was the biggest day of the fiesta. After an outdoor Thanksgiving Mass, the new majordomo of the

parish was chosen. This official is the caretaker of the church, a highly honored position. Each year a different person is appointed to handle this job.

The following day our old Chevy was packed. We left Aragon and made the return journey to Maryknoll. In one more year we four hope to be ordained. The new friends we left behind in Aragon, and the pastor who had been such an inspiration of priestly piety, charity and zeal, will stay with us. That month spent with the people of Aragon, New Mexico, was a precious addition to our seminary training. ■■

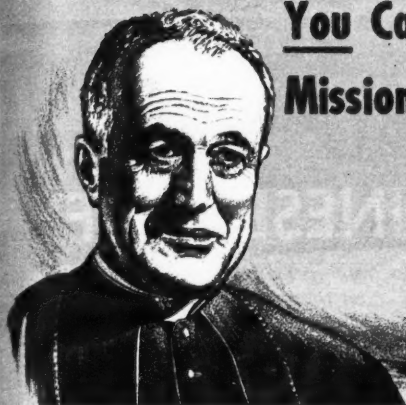
A BLIND WOMAN

suggests that you volunteer to read this magazine to a blind person a half hour each week. She says you will give great pleasure to darkened hours.

ABASHED

RAIN makes the roads muddy in and around Chungju, Korea. At 12:40 one Sunday afternoon, Father Borer's cook told him there was a woman waiting to receive Communion. Inquiry revealed that she had trudged four miles over slippery paths with a baby on her back — only to arrive too late to get to confession before Mass. She had been abashed by the crowd waiting to talk to the priest after Mass so she had decided to wait until the rush was over even though she was fasting. Father Borer gave her the sacraments. Then he told the cook to serve her a bowl of rice and some hot milk, although the woman protested that she was quite ready to return home without eating.

You Can Train A Missioner



Bishop Patrick J. Byrne, Maryknoller from Washington, D. C., labored for souls in Korea and Japan over 25 years. Then the Holy Father made him Apostolic Delegate to Korea. He was captured by Communists and died in prison on Nov. 25, 1950.

MARYKNOLL is training 750 young Americans to work as priests on the foreign missions in

Japan
Korea
Hong Kong

Formosa
Hawaii
Philippines

Mexico
Bolivia
Peru

Chile
Guatemala
Africa

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

Dear Maryknoll Fathers:

While I can, I will give.....each month towards the \$750 needed yearly to support a Maryknoll seminarian. *Please send me a monthly reminder.* I understand this is not a pledge, may be discontinued at will, and should not interfere with my personal or parish obligations.

MY NAME.....

MY ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

TARZAN WITH CHINESE TAFFY



BY WILLIAM RICHARDSON, M.M.

■ THERE we were, standing in front of a movie, wondering how. The three of us were new to Formosa. We couldn't speak the language and certainly couldn't read strange-looking Chinese characters.

"Look at that," said Father Bodensedt (from Toledo, Ohio), pointing to the huge billboard showing jungle scenes and wild animals.

Father Devoe (from Lexington, Massachusetts) said, "It looks like an old Tarzan picture."

Well, we didn't have anything to lose so we approached the ticket window. While Father Bodensedt mutely bought tickets by waving three fingers in front of the cashier, a swarm of Formosan children descended upon us, determined to sell us Chinese candy, bamboo fans and lottery tickets.

"How do you say 'No!'?" I heard Father Devoe mutter as he tried to shoo a girl fan seller.

"I don't know," I replied, as a four-year-old tried to slip candy into my trouser pocket, while a persistent lad of about ten kept pushing lottery tickets into my open hands. By the time Father Bodensedt got the tickets, we had purchased two fans and a fistful of Chinese taffy.

We wandered around the crowded orchestra, blessing the darkness for hiding the foolish expressions on our faces. Finally we spotted an usherette. By sign language, we discovered that we had bought tickets for the loge. (There had been three ticket windows, and Father Bodensedt had gone to the closest one.)

After climbing the stairs, our faces fell when we looked into the sea of faces and saw nary an empty seat. Once again, however, an usherette rescued us; she led us directly to three seats occupied by children. The small fry were promptly dispatched, and we were seated. We felt a bit reluctant to take the seats away from children. However, we began to figure out the system as we looked around.

All seats are reserved but only the adults sit down. The children just sit in empty seats until the ticket holders arrive to dispossess them. Then they stand, sit on their parents' laps; or — as they were doing in front of us — sit on the balustrade and let their feet dangle over the orchestra.

The picture was an old one. What interested us was the show going on around us. Wooden *gelas* clattered as children ran up and down the aisles. Some shouted and that woke up babies who cried, adding to the din. Only those in seats were quiet; they were concentrating on

reading the subtitles that flashed across the bottom of the screen in Chinese characters. A live bat periodically flapped across in front of the screen.

I saw a Chinese father pass holding his little son by one hand, and holding a bunch of bananas in the other. A little girl went click-clacking down the aisle, busily chewing on a piece of sugar cane, the Formosan equivalent of an all-day sucker.

At this point our attention was quickly returned to the screen by the shouts of warning from the children lined along the balustrade. A fierce-looking leopard was stalking the heroine through the jungle. Suddenly, cheers from the children and hearty applause from the adults went up, as Tarzan came swinging out of the trees, to the rescue.

A few moments later, when we were back on the street, Father Devoe, with a big grin on his face said, "Well, we may be 10,000 miles from home, but kids are the same the world over!" ■ ■

INDY ANN'S FEATHERED FRIENDS





Seven brothers with their mother, died for the Faith at Rome in second century.



St. Tarcisus, altar boy, was murdered by pagans in the third century.



St. Agnes, at thirteen, was beheaded for her Faith at Rome in the fourth century.



Young pupils of St. Ursula were killed by savage pagans in Gaul in the fifth century.

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OLD YOUR DREN HIS?

While still in her teens,
St. Joan of Arc led armies.
She was burned at the stake.



St. Thomas Kosaki and
other Japanese were cru-
cified for Christ.

and many a land,
have been laid down
as a than disown
If nation erupted
around America's
ers the challenge?

Thirty boys were among royal
servants who were martyred
for Faith in Uganda, Africa.



St. Maria Goretti, eleven,
was killed by a wicked man
for refusing to commit sin.



INTERVIEW — AN AFRICAN STUDENT SAYS:

"We Are All Members of One Race—The Human Race"

Ghana, West Africa, known formerly as the Gold Coast, recently became an independent state. This young and vigorous country looks to America to train its new leaders. One of them, Joseph Lomotey, is now doing post-graduate study in social work at Columbia University. Joseph tells MARYKNOLL'S Father Morgan J. Vittengl the hopes, ambitions and ideals of Africa's newest democracy.

Q *Will you describe your country for us, Joseph?*

A To begin with, Ghana is a small country on the west coast of Africa, between Liberia and Nigeria. It has an area of ninety-one thousand square miles and a population of close to five million people. The principal occupation is agriculture. The main products are cocoa, manganese, gold, diamonds, timber and vegetable products.

Q *Can you tell us something of your early life in Africa?*

A I was born of Christian parents, in a little town about four miles from Accra, the capital city of Ghana, West Africa. Until we

gained our independence on March sixth of this year, my country was known as the Gold Coast.

Q *What is your father's occupation?*

A He is a farmer.

Q *Do you have any brothers or sisters who are living in Africa?*

A Yes, I have three brothers and two sisters. My younger brother is at present the Assistant Director of Education in Ghana.

Q *Where did you receive your education, Joseph?*

A I attended the missionary school in Accra and then went to Accra Academy, one of the leading high schools in Ghana.

After I graduated, I worked

twelve years with the Ghana Civil Service. I resigned five years ago to take up higher studies in the United States.

Q *At what college did you enroll here in the United States?*

A When I came here in 1952 I enrolled at Xavier College in New Orleans. I felt a little out of place at first.

A *How do you mean?*

Q Well, you see, Father, I was raised as a Presbyterian, and Xavier is a Catholic college. However, I was so impressed by the Catholic liturgy and Catholic atmosphere at Xavier that I began to study the Catholic religion. I was received into the Catholic Church before I graduated from college.

Q *Joseph, where are you studying now?*

A Well, Father, I am doing post-graduate work at the New York School of Social Work, Columbia University.

My interest lies mostly in social studies because I feel that there's a grave need in Ghana for trained social workers. In both the villages and the hinterland, the people need help to solve their problems in housing, education, medical aid, and other social facilities. There are quite a number of young men and women from Ghana, who are studying social work here in the United States.

Q *How did you develop this interest in social work?*

A Well, when I was at home I was keenly interested in trade-union



Joseph Lomotey of Ghana, Africa.

movements. I felt at that time, as a civil servant, that the lot of the workers was very poor. They were not maintained; they didn't have enough to eat and enough to clothe themselves. So I organized the Postal Workers Union, and for some time I served as president of that union in Accra.

Later on I became Secretary General of the Civil Service Association, and I was largely responsible for securing salary increases for civil servants in Ghana in 1948 and 1950. I didn't stay long enough to enjoy some of the fruits of my labor.

Q *Who ruled Ghana before it gained its independence two months ago?*

A Ghana has passed through several phases of colonial subjec-

INTERVIEW

tion, under first the Dutch, then the Portuguese and finally the British. The British Governor held authority over the whole country. But in 1947 there began a very great national movement in Ghana when the Africans themselves started to demand freedom and autonomy from the British. It has been a long and arduous struggle to gain our independence, but we now enjoy this freedom.

Q *What type of government do you now have in Ghana?*

A Well, the government of Ghana at the moment is patterned according to the British government. In other words, it's democratic.

We have a House of Assembly with about 104 members. We have a cabinet of twelve ministerial appointees, and a Prime Minister, Doctor Kwame Nkrumah — who, incidentally, was trained in the United States. The members of the legislature are elected by the people in a general election. Each village has its polling place.

Q *How would you describe a village in Ghana?*

A A typical village in Ghana would be a small area with about fifteen to twenty houses. The houses vary in size, and are roofed with branches from palm trees or banana trees. The villagers take care of their herds of cattle and cultivate fields on the outskirts of the town. They live a simple life, but a very healthy life.

Q *Is there any sort of ruling body in each individual village?*

A The local government of the village is constituted by the villagers themselves. They usually elect the head man who automatically becomes their chief or leader. He in turn appoints the village elders. The elders serve as advisors and they help make decisions along democratic lines. They are given every right to discuss issues and find answers to some of their problems. They accept whatever decisions the leader or chief gives.

Q *What is the outstanding trait of family life in Ghana?*

A I believe that it is the father-son relationship. I think you call it the patriarchal system here in America.

In this kind of relationship, the son acknowledges the authority of his parents and the parents in turn try to help him develop until he reaches manhood. Then he is left on his own.

When the son attains manhood he is responsible for the care of his parents until they die. He then provides for their funeral, and inherits whatever property the family possesses.

There is one unusual thing about this kind of father-son relationship in Africa. The reputation of the father automatically passes on to the son, and the villagers expect the son to live up to the father's reputation if it is a good one.

Q *Does religion play an important part in the life of your countrymen?*

A Long before Christianity came to Africa, the Africans were very

religious people. Their religion was what we call animism; that is, belief in ancestor worship or belief in spirits. Now, with the impact of other cultures, my people are turning more and more to Christianity. At the moment there's a keen awakening and keen interest being shown all over Africa in Christianity.

The Catholic Church in particular has made wonderful strides all over Africa. In 1953 we had our first Negro bishop, Bishop Bowers. He was consecrated here in the United States and is now in charge of the diocese of Accra.

We still have evidences of our former superstition in our daily life, however.

Q *What are these evidences of which you speak?*

A I was referring to our festivals. You see, Africans believe in "father spirits." They feel that they owe some allegiance to the spirits, and also feel that the spirits that have gone before them will more or less protect them and give them all the blessings they need.

This produces some fear on the part of the people, and they take measures to placate those spirits.

Q *What are these measures?*

A In all sections of Africa, especially in the hinterland, we have festivals. Some are yearly festivals, others are semi-annual or weekly festivals.

In my home town around August we have a celebration that resembles the Mardi Gras in New

Orleans. It's held to honor the spirits for a good harvest. The whole city of Accra goes berserk for a day. People eat and make merry. They dance and exchange presents. The unmarried girls from the villages come in to look for husbands, and the young men look for prospective wives.

But we do have at these festivals one thing that Americans would recognize.

Q *What is that?*

A Our music. We love music, and it is said that the jazz music in the United States originated in Africa. Besides jazz, we have our own native dances and native music that is quite distinct from our church music.

If you want to find out what music means to a group of people, Ghana is the place to go. Over the weekend, the young men and women in their native regalia and costumes assemble in hotels or night clubs, in open places or parks — almost like a family gathering — and enjoy themselves singing and dancing to the tune of some good music.

Q *What are some of the problems that face your countrymen?*

A The biggest problem is the lack of adequate social and medical facilities in our villages. The number of doctors we have is very, very small at present. We have only enough doctors to staff our hospitals in the larger towns. In the villages, we have only small clinics staffed by nurses.

INTERVIEW

We are trying to train more doctors abroad. But this program, like so many others, depends on our advances in the field of education.

Q *What is the status of education in Ghana at the present time?*

A Ghana is comparatively far behind other countries in education. We have a literacy rate of only ten per cent. However, in Ghana, as in all the other countries of Africa, interest in education and educational facilities is increasing each year.

In Ghana we have an educational system copied from the British. We have primary schools, high schools, which we call secondary schools; and a university. We have already produced quite a number of young lawyers and technicians, but, and this is a big "but," we still need many foreign technicians, doctors, missionaries and social workers to help our country.

Q *Are many of your countrymen, like yourself, studying abroad to fill these offices?*

A Yes, many are. Ghana can boast of about three hundred students in the United States alone who are trying to educate themselves in different vocations, in order to go home and help. We have about twice that number in European universities.

Q *Joseph, you are the president of the All-African Student Union. Will you tell us something about this organization?*

A Certainly, Father. The All-African Student Union was formed

four years ago at Harvard University. Its membership is made up of students from all parts of Africa, who meet to discuss problems and objectives common to all of us. This is a wonderful opportunity for us: we would not be able to do this in Africa because of geographical and national barriers.

Q *What is the African student's opinion of the United States?*

A We feel that there is much we can gain from the American way of life that will benefit our countries. Americans, themselves, had to rid themselves of colonial subjection and build their country by sheer hard work. We believe that we can follow the American pattern to build Africa.

Q *Is there anything you would like to add to this, Joseph?*

A Only to say, Father, that like other foreign students studying here, we Africans are fortunate to be studying in America. We have found a wonderful spirit shown to us by the American public, especially the religious groups. We are very grateful, Father, to our American friends for the great opportunities we are receiving from their generosity.

Africans are craving for understanding more than anything else. We feel that after all this is one world and we are all members of one race — the human race. If we can in our humble way try to bring about better understanding, we know that we will have a better world.



SKOOL DAY...

NEEDS ON THE MISSIONS

Hong Kong

Amplifying system for 4 classrooms	\$250
35 m.m. projector	\$750
Tuition for 400 refugee children, per month	\$400

Peru

100 classroom crucifixes	each	\$1
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Formosa

A duplicator	\$200	200 chairs	each	\$1
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Japan

Catechetical, slides, charts, posters	\$50
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Korea

Salary for teacher of the blind, per month		\$20
Braille writing apparatus, 20 needed	each	\$3
Salary for teacher of the deaf, per month		\$20

Guatemala

125 desks	each	\$5	5 blackboards	each	\$10
10 maps	each	\$5	20 charts	each	\$2.50

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York

GROWING PLEASURES

BY JOHN F. WALSH, M.M.

■ WE HAD just finished night prayers in Azangaro. The air was clear and cool in the high sierra of the Peruvian Andes. All the stars of heaven were shining and seemed brighter than the lights in the plaza opposite the church. There was something about this evening that reminded me of the evenings of my boyhood.

I recalled the many times that I had spent enjoyable quarter or half hours with the other altar boys, talking and laughing with the pastor after evening devotions. But the scene had changed. I was a priest in the Peruvian Andes and the altar boys around me had dark faces, framed by ear flaps of their *chullus*; some were barefooted.

We stood in front of the church discussing what interests them: cowboys. They had learned about cowboys from comic books which are not unheard-of in Azangaro. I was amused at the pronunciation these Indian lads have for Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, Red Rider,

the Lone Ranger. I did my best to answer all the questions about each of these famous heroes: Does he really exist? Is he still living? Did you ever meet him? No doubt some wonderful dreams were ruined when they found out that some were only characters of fiction.

After about half an hour I bade them good night. As I walked to the parish house, some of the humorous questions returned to my mind. But slowly and surely they were crowded out by other more important questions. Are these boys influenced for good by comic books from the outside world? We priests working in the parish of Azangaro are supplying these lads with spiritual and material aid. But the parish contains many square miles of countryside where the majority of the Indians live. What of the many Indian boys and their families who live in small villages in the country where there are no priests? Who is going to give them the spiritual aid they badly need?

Each year a number of boys enter the diocesan seminary, but the percentage of those who will continue until ordination is small. It will be many years before there will be enough local priests to take care of all God's sheep in the fold of the Peruvian Sierra. Help is needed from the more fortunate parts of the world. From the very beginning of the Church the faithful have been good in aiding their brothers in other parts of the world. But our need is more than material.

What Peru needs is more men of God to guard the sheep of God against the rustlers.

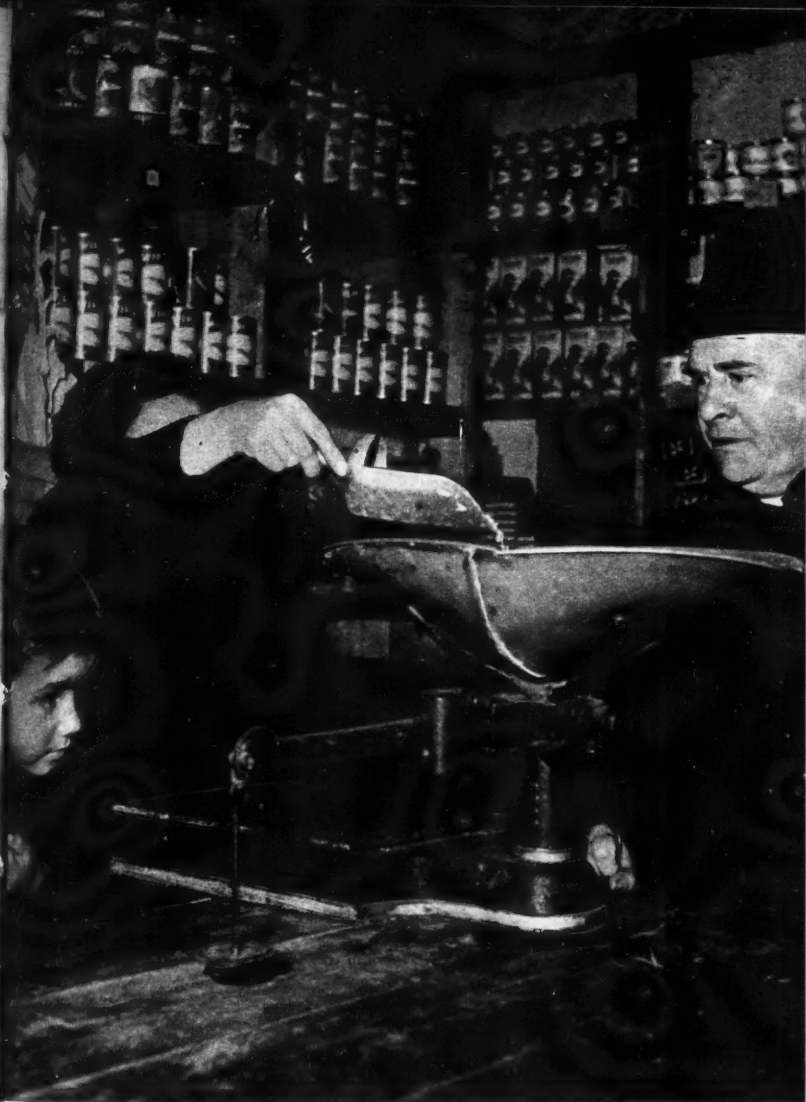
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BURNS

"A LITTLE BIT MORE," says the lad eyeing the scale. Father Thomas Plunkett is sharply alive to the drama of little things that mean much to his people. A few beans more or less are critical to a shopkeeper in Nuble, Chile.

EDITORIAL:

Progress and Providence

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ IT IS shortsighted to accept the thesis that Christianity is suffering a mortal blow in the Far East because of various restrictive acts of some governments. It is true that in some areas prohibitions have been placed upon the importation of foreign missionaries, and that missionaries are being forced to work under handicaps. But a long-range analysis can only lead to the conclusion that the Church is being helped immensely by the trend of events.

Up to the present, the Church in the Far East has been largely a colonial Church with great masses of the Catholic population conditioned in their thinking by a feeling of dependence on the West. The Christians adopted Western clothes, sought jobs from the colonial ruler, and looked forward to a peaceful security as proteges of such powers as the British *raj*.

Now that foreign support has gone, the Christian must stand on his own two feet. He must prove that his religion is not a foreign intrusion but indigenous to his own customs and culture. This is all to the good. Strength, initiative and local identification can only result.

IN THE PAST, all too often, the foreign missionary was infected with the colonial virus. He did not envisage himself as a guest of the local people but assumed an attitude of rightful possession simply because he was a member of a subjugating nation. Unconsciously, he had an air of superiority in his dealings with the local people, so that, without realizing and certainly without intending, he seemed at times to patronize his inferiors. If he could have become aware of this attitude, he would have been the first to condemn it. Unfortunately, it was



This Month's Cover

DARING seamen navigated frail canoes across vast stretches of ocean to discover and people Hawaii. Something of this Viking spirit courses through the blood of the Hawaiian girl on our cover. She is all dressed up for a *luau*, a celebration meal. The artist is Gerda Cristofferson.

there without his awareness of it.

This same spirit with a different result was transferred to the local national clergy. Conditions tended to stifle initiative. The Western missionaries had the responsibility and the local clergy were their helpers. The Holy See saw the dangers of this situation and tried to counteract it with instructions on the importance of native clergy and the appointment of native bishops. But as citizens of an occupied country, it was difficult for the national clergy to outgrow the feeling of inferiority that resulted from their colonial status.

The Church made the greatest forward strides in those free areas where religion was not tied up with an occupying Western power. In pre-Communist China, for example, Christianity had great prestige and was accepted as one of the religions of the country.

THUS IT SEEMS that the present turn of events towards independence and freedom will immeasurably aid the Church. Once the transitional difficulties and inconveniences are passed, the Church will assume a role of creativeness and vigor that it has never before experienced. With a completely national hierarchy and with the main body of clergy native, the Church will become an important factor in the national life of the new countries.

Western missionaries will go to these new nations at the request of local bishops, and as a result their whole thinking and approach will be changed. They will go as assist-

Maryknoll

**Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America**

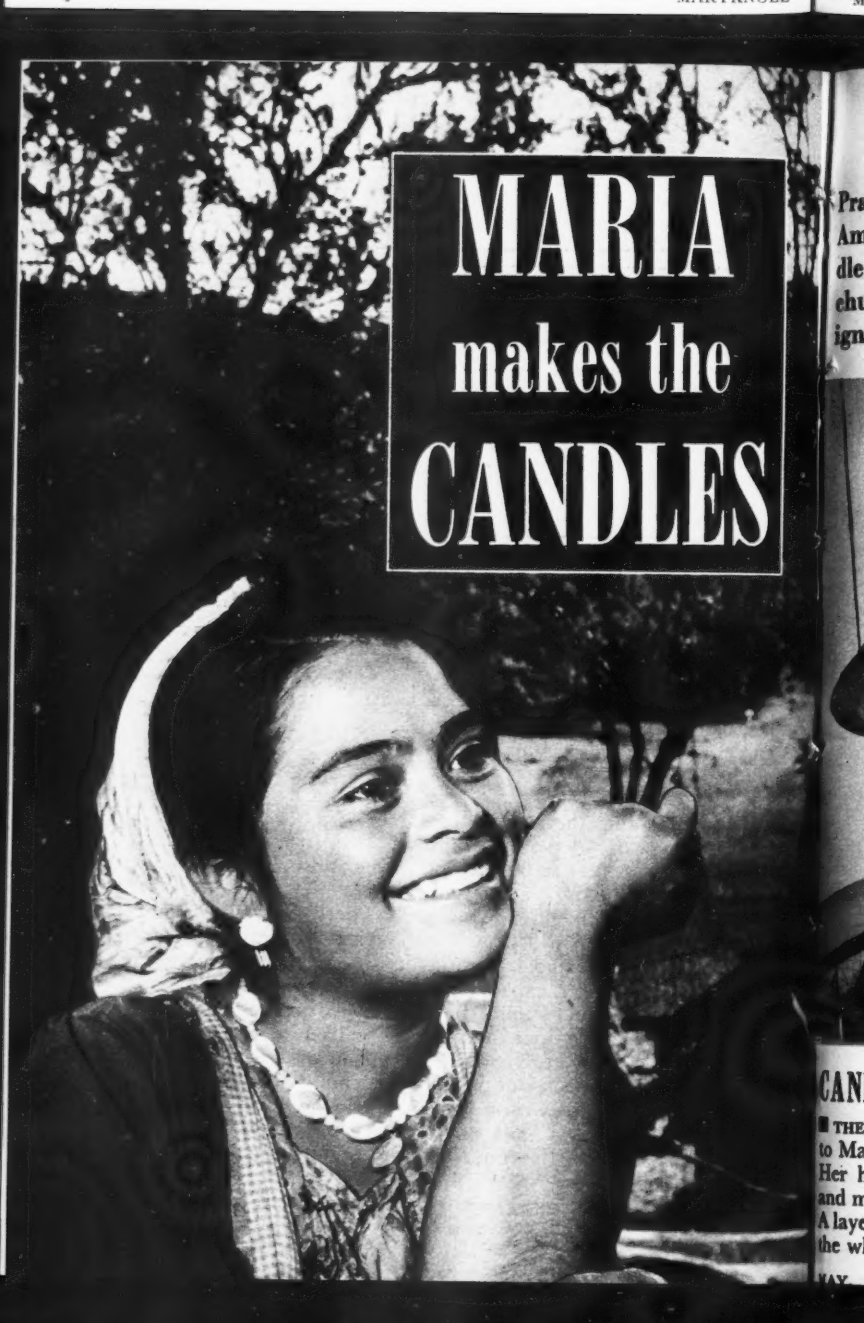
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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**



**Maryknoll was established in 1911
by the American Hierarchy to
prepare missionaries from the
United States and to send them
forth, under the direction of the
Holy See, to the mission fields
of the world.**

ants and helpers. They will be only temporary assistants to be replaced as more and more local clergy are ordained. The national clergy, in turn, will accept the responsibilities that will rightly be theirs.

The turn of events in the Far East is but one more evidence of the providence of God. Asia is becoming the focal center of the world, and will in the foreseeable future be the controlling power of the world. When that day comes, the Church will be strongly entrenched and ready to play its role in world conversion. ■ ■



MARIA makes the CANDLES

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Prayer by candlelight pretty much describes Latin America on its knees. To a Latin, a burning candle is like a miniature fiesta. All over Latin America churches and shrines are aglow with candle flames, ignited by hearts eager for things of the spirit.



CANDLES THE HARD WAY

■ THERE's an old-fashioned rhythm to Maria's way of making candles. Her hand tilts the dipper just so and melted wax runs down a wick. A layer of wax; turn the wheel, and the wheel keeps turning till at last

it comes to rest—a time for the wax to harden. Then snip go her scissors cutting each candle loose from the wheel. Every candle made this way bears the stamp of loving craftsmanship. ■ ■

PHOTOS BY C. F. BURNS, M.M.



Maria
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Maria's candles are sold in outdoor stores where business is brisk on market days. Juanita (left) looked at every candle for sale before deciding on the one she is now pricing. Papa Padrone buys two, still muttering about price.



Maria's candles do their best to brighten the gloomy interior of a church built in colonial times. Maria's candles burn to high-light the Repository on Holy Thursday. Right: Latin Misses think candles are made especially to pray by.

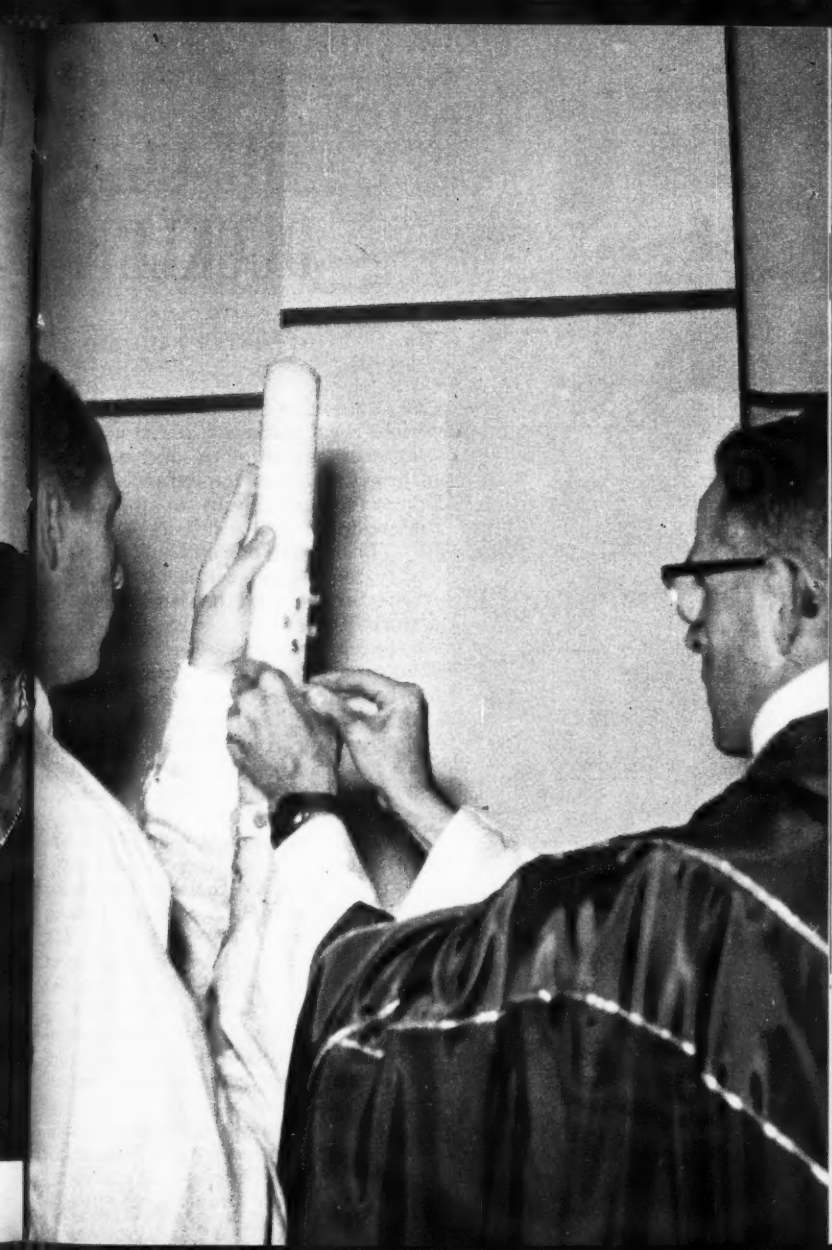


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Father Paul Sommer blesses throats. Right: Father John McCabe inserts the grains of incense in the paschal candle, assisted by Father James Courneen.





THE UGLY DUCKLING

BY SISTER PAUL MIKI

■ A CRIPPLED 60-year-old beggar's right royal castle is a former chicken coop, made of tin and boards thrown together haphazardly and kept together only by an all-loving Providence.

The beggar's one and only — but very loyal — subject is his loving wife, Suniko. And that is where our story begins.

Suniko is no beauty, I'll grant you that. One eye is a wandering orb that never focuses. Her hair is straggly, the kind one "can never do anything with." The clothes are as clean as possible. One cannot be a dainty princess in a chicken-coop palace but Suniko works hard to achieve cleanliness.

In sincerity, kindness, goodness to those poorer — there is nobody more beautiful than Suniko. This is her story.

Born on a farm, the ugly duckling of a large family, she was brought to town by a rascally cousin. He told her she would be a maid in a fine house. Instead, he sold her to a *geisha* house from which there seemed no escape.

For many years — ten or more — she bemoaned her lot. Then one day, a crippled beggar came into her life. He truly sympathized with

MARYKNOLL

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her. "Will you marry me and get out of this place?" he proposed.

"I certainly will," she agreed.

Off they went to his house. What was it? The chicken coop, of course. It has served the chickens well enough, but it was hardly a place to provide comfort to one human being, let alone two.

However, it did. Suniko gloried in her freedom. It was all she wanted.

As the 27-year-old bride of a lame man of 60-plus, she had to contribute to the family income. She hired herself out to the city to haul sand and stones and to pull a cart. This provided at least for three bowls of rice a day.

Then came the baby! As pregnancy advanced, her friends and relatives pounced upon her. "Do away with the child!" they urged. Suniko was then beginning to learn about the Faith. It was hard but she resisted. She could no longer lift stones and haul a cart. The situation was perilous. And she did so want to be a mother! It would be a wonderful boost for her husband's morale. A baby of their own!

We Sisters agreed to help Suniko with clothing, food and sometimes money. She told this to her friends. She has many friends everywhere; her hearty good will makes people fond of this shaggy woman.

New faces began to appear at our catechism classes. "Who sent you?" we asked. "The woman from the chicken coop," they answered. Soon thirteen neophytes were listening to the story of God's love for all men. Suniko checked on their progress; she brought them to Mass;

answered their questions as best she could.

On the glorious day of her baptism, we had a new dress ready for Suniko. She was so happy, she cried.

How good God was to her! The baby was born on Christmas Day, like the great God Himself. We named him Emmanuel. After all, there isn't much difference between a chicken coop and a stable as a birthplace. Now Suniko fairly dances along the half-hour walk from her tiny home to the church on Sundays.

She is back at her job, too, with the baby strapped to her back, as other women wear their babies. She still sends her friends to us to learn the Catholic Faith. She manages to get to the public baths now and then, and never without results — that is, never without convincing another bather that the Catholic Church alone holds the keys for spiritual regeneration.

Best of all, her loving husband, the great lord of the chicken coop, has decided to follow her into the Church!

Suniko has many a twin in post-war Japan. Catholics there have more than doubled in the past ten years. Many thousands in that nation are enthusiastically discovering the Church.

And yet, in spite of numbers, each conversion must be a unique, personal experience.

The Japanese are an intensely spiritual nation. They are prolific in vocations to the religious life, especially to contemplative orders. Perhaps the son of Suniko may decide to spend his life praying for you and me! ■ ■



ARE YOU HERE?

Yes! God sees you
here in this Philippine
village, bringing Old
Maria to some real
knowledge of her
Catholic Faith.

When you help to train Maryknoll Sisters for service in fields
afar, you lay a splendid May offering at the feet of our Lady.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

I enclose \$..... to help support a Maryknoll Sister-in-training.

Name.....

Address.....City.....Zone.....State.....

As long as I can, I will send \$..... a month. I understand I can stop
this at any time.

■ ONE DAY last January, our superior, Father William Pheur, came to the parish in Kyoto where I was stationed. His greeting was: "Happy birthday and congratulations! Father Roy Leonard is transferred to Tokyo, and you will replace him as pastor in Ueno."

I had been to Ueno on two or three occasions, to visit Father Leonard, and had learned a little about the parish that was to be my new home.

There are no large industries in the small city (population 40,000) of Ueno. Yet it does serve as a center for the small communities that surround it. These have been incorporated into Ueno-shi and contain some 20,000 people. Many residents in this city hidden in the mountains commute to factories and offices in Osaka, Kobe and Tsu. Others work in Ueno's banks, offices and small shops. The greater number are farmers who work the fields which surround Ueno.

The Church's history in Ueno dates back to the times when the Church was persecuted in Japan. In those times the Christians were divided into groups of about thirty and herded off to various other cities and towns. This was a very cunning way to snuff out the life of the Church in this part of Japan.

Because they were without a priest and each group was a very small minority in a community that looked down upon them, even if it did not openly persecute them for their beliefs, they soon lost contact with the means of gaining grace and ended up by forgetting about God.

According to a Japanese priest

UENO, HERE I COME

A birthday present

— his first parish!

BY GERARD BEAUSOLEIL, M.M.

with whom I had occasion to speak, there was such a community in this neighborhood in the early days of persecution.

In the winter of 1953 Father Roy Leonard came to Ueno from Sonobe where he had been assistant to Father Edward Barron. He served as pastor for about two years. During that time, he made many friends and in his quiet way won a place in their hearts. He did much to break down the prejudice of the neighbors living near the church who used to look down upon the Church as something foreign and unwanted.

I have found that out since coming to Ueno. All I have to do is walk from the hill that leads to the church to understand how the people have changed. The children's greeting, "*Shinpusama*," and the friendly bows from the adults are reasons enough to substantiate this.

The little chapel here at Ueno is proof of Father Leonard's skill in making God's dwelling a house of prayer. The people, especially the newcomers, are deeply impressed by its cleanliness, simplicity, beauty and cheerfulness. The very building inspires one to pray. ■ ■

I WATCHED RENÉ

BY JOSEPH J. SARJEANT, M.M.

■ RENÉ CABRERA and Sixto Chambi are two Quechua lads who came to the Maryknoll Fathers here at San Ambrosio in Puno, Peru, last April. They started the thirteen-year course for the priesthood.

The life René and Sixto left behind is not an inviting one. Out on the altiplano they would have faced the inevitable destiny of every Quechua lad: grinding poverty, cold, endless work in the potato fields, and an early grave. Here in the seminary they have warm beds, decent clothes, three big meals a day and the opportunity to grow in mind and spirit.

René is thirteen, and Sixto fourteen, but the two of them came to the seminary without having received our Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of the Eucharist.

"Impossible that there could be seminarians in a Catholic country who have not yet received First Communion," you say.

Perhaps. But when a handful of priests have to provide for the spiritual needs of over a million and a half people, somebody is bound to be left out.

We held the First Communion ceremony in the little seminary chapel. I had the privilege of bringing our Blessed Lord to René and Sixto for the first time; and if I had received nine years of training and

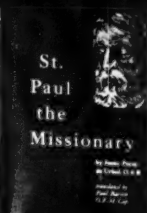
had been sent down here to do nothing else I feel that it would have been worth while.

There were no white suits or organ music. The two young Indians, wide-eyed and solemn, were dressed neatly in the first suits and ties and shoes they had ever owned. They held lighted candles and their olive faces reflected the glow of other-worldliness when the Wafers were placed on their tongues.

I could see René from the corner of my eye, as I turned around for the last blessing. He was still bent over, his face cupped in his hands. He held that position, immovable as stone, until the signal was given to retire from the chapel. The Quechua Indians can maintain a prayerful position for incredibly long periods of time.

First Communion in the seminary? Yes — and there are a lot of firsts here for these lads. First suit of clothes, first decent meal, first bed and toothbrush, first recreation; the list could go on. The prayers and sacrifices of friends in the States have made it all possible and don't think for a minute that fact is not noticed and appreciated.

Each night as the seminarians of San Ambrosio kneel before the Blessed Sacrament to thank God for the day's blessings they pray: "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to bestow upon all those who do us good for Thy Name's sake, eternal life." ■ ■



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The New-Book Bulletin

VOL. 1, NO. 2—FEBRUARY 1957

*Current
Choice!*

St. Paul the Missionary
by Justo Pérez de Urbel, O. S. B.

—ASK FOR IT! FREE!

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Captain Tasuku Sato and Fr. Tennien.

■ BELATED believers, who have wrestled furiously with doubts and fears, always have fascinating stories. I have found one such man.

He is Tasuku Sato, a Japanese naval officer, who was on Flores Island during the war. Our rendezvous itself is a curious story that calls for the telling. It came about because of an assembly of events that moved like spinning atoms around the fringes of mission endeavor.

A Japanese officer, hardly acquainted with the word "God," was made commander on Flores after this Indonesian island was captured from the Dutch in World War II. Flores had been host to a great event—one of the three mass convert sweeps of recent history. In the three

I Remember Flores

The story behind the story.

BY MARK A. TENNIEN, M.M.

decades before the war, almost 400,000 Flores people had become Catholic. Captain Tasuku Sato was suddenly thrown into the swirl of devout Catholic life found on Flores, which he knew nothing about.

It fascinated, intrigued and challenged the open-minded officer. Sato was a curious fellow who wanted to know what gave Catholic doctrine attraction or strength to win some 13,000 converts a year. "What makes it tick?" he pondered. The man studied, watched and weighed the Catholic life and belief, not knowing that the pursuer was being pursued by Him who longs to capture every man's soul. He penned his observations and reflections in what he called "Memoirs of the War," which are better labeled "Memoirs of a Searching Soul."

This Maryknoll priest, who was expelled after a score and eight years in China, became editor of *Mission Bulletin* in Hong Kong. The editor's work called for a trip to

Indonesia to study convert work on Flores. While there he heard amazing accounts of Captain Sato and the wartime experiences he had penned. The Japanese officer and this Maryknoll Missioner eventually got together and worked for months, putting Sato's story into English.

The account is a priceless document; its great treasure value is that it is the epic of a sincere soul, struggling for light and strength to follow that light.

The struggle of a soul is an engrossing drama. Captain Sato grappled with every kind of adversary in his search to find God. What makes his story gripping is that he weaves us a tapestry of temptation, struggle and conquest — essentials of any good book.

Fortunately, the memoirs were written only after the frenzied hatreds worked up in wartime had passed. He penned a story that has the softness of a twilight mood when the ugly strife of a distasteful day has passed.

We find the ways and thought of the Orient, so unlike our own, engaging and sometimes baffling. But Maryknollers with a large mission staff in Japan find books by Japanese authors particularly fascinating. All of us mortals are proud of our own country, our culture, our civilization. We sometimes feel we have a kind of monopoly on quality of character, soul or brain. It is a revealing surprise to find great virtues in other nations and people such as we find in Captain Sato.

Self-effacing, Tasuku Sato has a simple, courteous way of opening the door of his heart to invite us in;



I REMEMBER FLORES

**The year's
most unusual
story**

**By
Father Mark Tennien
and Captain T. Sato**

**Published by
Farrar, Straus and Cudahy \$3**

**Order from
THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF
Maryknoll, New York**

of sharing his innermost thoughts with the reader; of intimately disclosing his reflections and reactions to the things around him. Perhaps his most attractive "writer quality" is the Oriental way of making his thoughts on religion subtle and pleasing as sanctuary incense. To Captain Sato's simplicity is added art and craft in painting detailed descriptions of the mysterious island of Flores, which are no less than enrapturing.

He learned the happiness, the beauty and the strength of owning the Catholic Faith. It has made him rather impatient with the vast multitude of "old" Catholics. He says that we have a mighty force for good, for destroying communism and other great injustices of the world but we are not using that force.

After all, the sailor who came the long hard way home to God is right. We should search our hearts on how we use our Faith. ■ ■

Will you take his place?

FATHER ROBERT "SANDY" GAIRNS, BORN IN GLASGOW, SCOTLAND AND RAISED IN WORCESTER, MASS., WAS ORDAINED AT MARYKNOLL IN 1918. HE LABORED FOR MANY YEARS ON SANCIAN ISLAND WHERE SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER DIED TRYING TO ENTER CHINA.



DURING THE FIRST WEEK OF WORLD WAR II, FATHER "SANDY" WAS TAKEN PRISONER. ON DECEMBER 16, 1941, HE DISAPPEARED FROM SANCIAN ISLAND, AND IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN SHOT AND DROWNED BY AN ENEMY PATROL OFF THE COAST OF SOUTH CHINA.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Dear Fathers: I am interested in laboring for souls as a missionary. Please send me free literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Postal Zone.....

State..... Age..... School..... Grade.....

FELICITAS

— the Drama of New Africa

The roof fell in, but that didn't stop this determined woman.

BY DANIEL D. ZWACK, M.M.

■ **FELICITAS** Wasatu is a girl from the chiefdom of Ikizu, in Musoma District. How she first got the idea of becoming a Sister is hard to tell. Until a few years ago, in these parts there were no Sisters from whom she might take inspiration. The White Sisters lived in far-off Mwanza and Tabora.

But Felicitas had made up her mind and she found herself at Sumve, near Mwanza, under the care of the White Sisters. From them she got her teacher's certificate and a uniform of sorts. Then she began to teach in the Catholic primary schools in Sukumaland and Ukerewe. Always she planned to return to Musoma and become a Sister as soon as there was a community to join.

In 1948 the Maryknoll Sisters came to Tanganyika and before long they had a few African girls in training. Felicitas went on teaching in Ukerewe, since the Sisters could not put an experienced teacher in with beginners who didn't even know how to count or who hadn't yet learned a common language.

The Maryknoll Sisters at Kowak mission went ahead putting big girls through the primary grades, and teaching them after class to wash

behind their ears and to speak Swahili. Especially they taught those eager young African girls the older and more universal knowledge: of God the Father, and of the Redeemer, and of the true Church.

At last, two years ago, the Sisters opened a novitiate. Felicitas was the first candidate. Before long there were four girls in the group: a girl from the Majita tribe and two Luo girls. They looked like proper novices in light-gray habits and white veils.

In due time a proper setting for the profession ceremony was readied. We hauled away the pile of bricks and mud that had been the church front before it collapsed. Father Bordenet and his African helpers made a handsome new altar out of cement; they hung a green corduroy drape behind it and a large crucifix above. He cut some iron pipes to size, fitted them with the appropriate flanges and painted them black — the finest set of altar candlesticks in these parts.

As Felicitas entered upon her retreat, the church looked as neat as a pin. Then came a big wind that lifted the whole roof right off the sacristy and dropped it into the churchyard! Rain, mud and broken plaster everywhere! Felicitas wasn't noticeably affected. She was pro-

■ TO PLACE catechisms in ten million homes in South America is the aim of Maryknoll's Father Bernard F. Meyer. Latin America has a population of 150 million of whom more than ninety-five per cent are Catholics; yet less than ten per cent of them know anything about their religion.

Latin America is suffering from a shortage of priests. One Maryknoll parish has 50,000 people scattered over 600 square miles. Obviously, such a parish should have hundreds of people teaching catechism. There is a need for a method of instruction that can be used by the people themselves.

A picture catechism written by Father Meyer has been received enthusiastically by priests and lay workers alike. It is published in English and Spanish editions. Called *Our Family Catechism*, its cartoons bring the Bible within the reach of ordinary people in Latin America. It pictures the story of God's revealing Himself to men, especially in the life of Christ; and it indicates the response men should make — in prayer and in love of neighbor.

Father Meyer's problem now is to make his catechism available to all who need it. He has begun a project whereby American Catholics can donate the price of *Our Family Catechism* for one or more poor families in Latin America.

For \$1 we can provide a copy apiece for 10 families; \$10 will take care of 100 families and \$90 will help 1,000 families. Anyone who wishes to take part in this project may send his donation to: Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York. ■ ■

fessed before a big crowd of her own people.

After Mass the fun began. The school children and the younger girls from the convent put on an entertainment. This was fairly shot through with yells of delight from Theresia, Felicitas' mother, who was having the time of her life.

It's a long way from Ikizu to Nyegina mission by the route that Felicitas took. In Ikizu they called her Wasatu; now she's called Sister Laetitia (in Swahili: Sister Mwenyefuraha). When she started out she was a pagan; now she's a Sister of the Immaculate Heart Sisters of Africa.

She no longer speaks her Kikizu dialect — only a few thousand people can understand it. She ordinarily uses Swahili which is heard throughout East Africa. For simple Africans she knows several of the local languages; and for her own further education she knows English.

Now instead of inviting hookworm or other ailments, she wears shoes. She cooks her food and drinks clean water.

She used to wear a string of charms around her neck; wooden plugs and sea shells, scraps of goat skin and little iron balls. Now she wears a crucifix. She plays an important part in the drama of New Africa.

Sister Laetitia is another of the many proofs that the Catholic Church in Africa has come of age. We pray each day, that Almighty God will continue to bless and prosper this growth, in this small but very fertile portion of His vineyard. ■ ■

MARYKNOLL



Alicia doesn't mind being the center of attention, as long as her dinner isn't interrupted. This Chilean tot comes to Father Joseph Smith's rectory every day for a hot meal. Hundreds of underprivileged children like Alicia depend on the missionary for both spiritual and physical nourishment.

HOW TO PLANT DOLLARS

in a Mission Field

A Lot for a Dollar. That's right! One dollar will purchase a grave in the parish cemetery, Taichung, Formosa; 2,000 graves are needed.

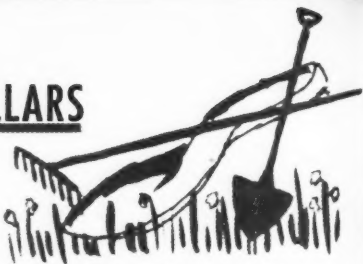
"Louder, Please" is the complaint a missionary hears when he preaches in our Hong Kong refugee church. An amplifier will permit the congregation to hear every word; \$250 will install the amplifier.

Smoke in Church. A railroad passes one church in Japan. Over the years soot and smoke have blackened the inside of the church. To brighten up God's house with fresh paint will cost \$125.

For Healthy Children. The average monthly bill for medicine for our orphans in Korea is \$25. Can you help a sick child?

Faith Without Knowledge. People in our Philippines mission have been without priest or instruction for years. They kept the Faith; they crave instruction. Trained local catechists can help. Salary for each, \$15 a month. Will you help?

The Bakuria, an African tribe in Musoma, needs 80 pews, at \$5 each; Mass candles for a year, \$25; an altar, \$100; vestment case, \$200; eight altar boys' cassocks at \$3 each. Whatever you choose will be a big help.



Two Wheels for Four Legs. A missionary in Peru has to give up horseback riding to his out missions. Help him reach his people by providing \$550 for a motorcycle.

For Happy Children the missionaries in Guatemala request \$10 for balls and \$10 each for uniforms. Any donations for athletic equipment are welcome.

Give Them Rest! Beds at \$30 each, chairs at \$5; and tables at \$15 are sought by our missionaries in Maswa, Africa.

A Memorial Chapel for Bishop Byrne is being built at the seminary in Kyoto, Japan. It will take 200 gifts of \$100 each to complete this chapel. Help us train Japanese priests.

A Tabernacle for the Blessed Sacrament is needed in Guatemala; \$150 will provide this home for the Holy Eucharist.

Bandages and Medicine cost \$2 a day in one Central American mission. How many days will you bind the wounds?

"Thank God I've Got My Sight, my health, my job." In Riberalta, Bolivia, we care for many poor and afflicted people. Will you write us: "Here's my gift of \$..... to Bishop Danehy for him to use to take care of Christ's poor."

Gifts payable to the Maryknoll Fathers are deductible in computing your Federal Income Tax.

It's Not Dangerous at All!

Some people

think they will die as soon as they make their wills. But we haven't been able to find a single case of illness, to say nothing of anything worse, resulting from will-making.



Other folks

consider the making of a will a job for the elderly. It is true that you must be twenty-one; but many of us live beyond that age, and remain of sound and disposing mind.

Still more

feel they ought to wait at least until they are sick. But no State requires a physical examination. Not even a cold is necessary. You can do the thing however healthy you may be!



Quite a few

believe wills are for the wealthy. They say they are not rich enough. Wills are for people who like to run their own affairs. Do you know that if you die intestate — that is, without making a will — your family cannot divide your property? Strangers will step in, take over, and distribute it in ways you may not like. Do you know what the law provides?



Our booklet about wills explains the whole subject. It is yours for the asking; and you will not be "followed up" or solicited further, if you mark and mail the coupon below.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York

Please send your booklet, *What Only You Can Do*, without charge, to the following:

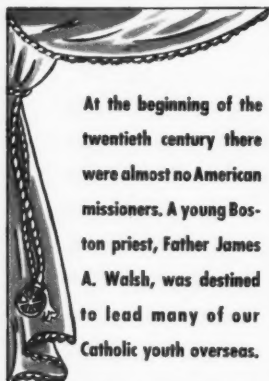
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My City.....Zone.....State.....

People are Interesting!

Bishop Walsh
First The Kingdom



At the beginning of the twentieth century there were almost no American missionaries. A young Boston priest, Father James A. Walsh, was destined to lead many of our Catholic youth overseas.



1. As a director of the Propagation of the Faith Society, Father Walsh dreamed of American missionaries.



2. In 1911 his dream came true; with Father Price he founded Maryknoll, to call America's youth to preach Christ.



3. In every part of the country his talks and writings inspired boys and girls to become foreign missionaries.



4. His great joy was to stand among his Maryknollers at work in mission lands. Pope Pius XI made him a bishop.



5. Today his priests and Brothers and Sisters whom he also founded comprise a family of almost 3,000.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

